UPON THE

REBUILDING

THE

CITY,

the Right Honourable

the Lord Mayor,

AND THE

noble Company of Bat-

chelors Dining with

Him, May 5th. 1669.

[R. Wild]

Printed in the Year, 1670.

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NOr could *Prometheus*, when he would have
From jealous *Jupiter* a living cole (ſtole
To animate his well diſſembled clay,
Either prevail, or go unplagu'd away.
Nor when proud Nature to recruit the earth
And brave Heaven, brought forth *Giants* at each birth,
(Thoſe ſtalking *Mountains*, ſons of ſlime and mud
The Reliques of the univerſal Floud)
Setting them all to work, as ſoon as born
Then when their *Highneſſes*, did not think ſcorn
To tread the *Mortar*, and were *Maſons* made
And *Bricklayers* ---- the only thriving Trade,
Though they deſign'd, with high & pointed Towers
To pierce & ſtab thoſe clouds, whoſe mighty ſhowers
Had drown'd their Fathers, and to climb ſo high,
Till they pickt Stars (like Cowſlips) from the ſky,
Could they prevent their fooliſh *Babels* fall,
But were turn'd *canting*, *wandring Gypſies* all.
Nor ſhalt thou better ſpeed (proud *Rome*) not thou,
Though thou haſt carried Empire on thy brow,
And with thy *Cannons* made all Monarchs quake
As thunder doth the trembling Mountains ſhake;
No, though thy head, thy lofty head thou raiſe
To try thy horned ſtrength with *Cynthia's*.
No, though thy Father be the Prince of th'Air
And with thee doth his vaſt Dominion ſhare;
No, though thy Eagles wings thou ſtretch as wide
As *Sol* his beams, or *Neptune* doth his Tyde;
No, though thy greedy cruel breed be nurſt
With the ſame milk thy Founder ſuckt at firſt,
And though thy zeal (Ah, curſed zeal!) aſpire
To raiſe thy *Pope*, great *Pyramids* of fire,

From burned Cities; yet thy self (proud Dame)
Who burnt with *Sodoms* lust, shalt with her flame,
Where are thy *Fauxes* in their dark disguise,
Incendiary Priests, and subtile spies,
Who when our *Londons* fiery tryal came,
Like *Salamanders* feasted in the flame,
And curst the hands that first should lay a Brick
Tow'rds the rebuilding that grand *Heretick*;
Who when great *Greshams* spicy nest consum'd
(Though the immortal founder stood perfum'd
In the rich Incense) hug'd themselves to see
Our Monarchs martyr'd in *Effigie*.
Now let them stare and startle at the sight,
And bark as Curs do at the Moons fair light:
Let them not boast their *Charles la grand, le Bon*
Great Brittain can outshine them both in *One*,
A Prince of far more gracious intents
Than all thy *Urbans, Clements, Innocents*,
Upon whose head shall stand a *Triple* Crown,
When thy grand Tyrants shall be tumbled down.
Still on our *Thames* shall noble Barges ride,
When *Tyber* to a Ditch shall shrink her pride.
Our *Lions* still are *Rampant*, and our *Rose*
Yields her friends sweetness, prickles to our foes:
Our Citizens shall feast in their *Guild-hall*,
And eat *Geese*-- Patrons of thy *Capital*.
Justice and Mercy now shall guard her throne,
And her *Mock-Giants* she shall need no more,
Th'*Exchange* that Royal Infant, shortly will
Her own and forreign Language speak with skill;
And on that *Acre* the Noon Sun shall see
All his long Travels in Epitome.

We have our *Newgate* and old *Tyburn* too,
Ready to serve their *Turns* who *turn* to you.
Kind heaven and all the Elements conspire
(And such conspiracy's we may desire)
To make our City fairer, stronger, higher,
The Sun gets up each morn at peep of day
To oversee the Work, and late doth stay
Before he lets the Labourers retreat,
As if he undertook the work by th' *Great*.
The earth gives clay, the water moistens it;
The gentle Air tempers and makes it fit,
And then the fire, as if it meant to make
Full satisfaction, and revenges take
Upon it self, (though in a smother'd way
As modest Thieves their injuries repay)
VVorks in the *Brick kilne*, works till it grow sick,
And fainting dyes, leaving on every *Brick*
And every *tyle* a lasting *blush*-- as who
VVould say, for former *Mischiefs* this I do.
Nor doth the Sun alone the VVork o're see,
But there is *One* as vigilant as he,
A *Pious, Loyal, wise, Just M'r*, a Lord
VVho like *Zerubbabel* with awful sword
Defends the *trowel*, whose sweet voice hath power
(As *Orpheus* had to raise his *Theban* Towers)
To make the teeming bowels of the earth
Shoot up new *buildings* by an easie *birth*.
He guards the *Sabbaths* with an holy care,
And blesseth all the week by that *days* pray'r;
His *Magistracy* lies not in his Train,
His stately Steed, his Scarlet, or his Chain;
He and his sword in Velvet scabbard sleep,

But watchful, God's peace and the Kings to keep;
With a strict hand the Ballance he doth hold,
Trying the *Cause* how weighty, not the Gold:
As he with virtue meets, or with offence,
So do his looks, or smiles, or frowns dispence;
His smoother Chin carrying as grave a grace,
As the *Dioceſans* well bearded face.

Boast on (*old Beldame Rome*) and brag--Thou hast
Thousands of Sons and Daughters pure and chast,
Yet thou shalt find for all their single Lives,
But little *Virgin Honey* in their *Hives*:
Those thievish *Drones* thy *Fryars* without wings,
Creep to thy *Nuns*, and leave behind their *stings*,
Thou hast thy *Joan's* as well as *Popes*--Fame says,
Thy *Innocents* have their *Olympia's*.

But *London* which the Nuptial Band allows,
And hates to lock her Virgins up in Vows,
Can glory in her *Batchelor Lord Mayor*,
Chast as the *Dove*, though of the *Ravens Hair*:
The *Widow City* is his *Spouse*---and He
Cares for her *Children* and great *Family*;
Not doth he stand (although he lyes) alone
(He were a *Phenix* if he were but *One*)
But as the *Moon*, when she her progress goes,
The *Court of Stars*, as her Attendants shows:
So when *Beloved Turner* please to call,
Great troops of *Batchelors* adorn his Hall;
None *male content*, and yet *male Virgins* all)
On *May's* fifth day (Oh, 'twas a wondrous sight!)
Three hundred *Virgins*, *Virgins* day and night;
Virgins in *Breeches*, *Virgins* all as true,

s She for whom *Saint George* the *Dragon* slew ;
me hoary old, some young, but all were chast
ither above, or underneath the waist ;
one of them had they been in *Scottish* School,
ad *grunted* in the *Penitential stool* ;
one, had they liv'd in times of *Commutation*,
ad pay'd a stone to *Pauls* for *Fornication*.
one from an *Ordeal* Tryal need to fly
hat *Purgatory fire*, of Chastity ;
one free of *Cresswel Colledge*, not a Man
eed fear to meet a *Nurse* or some *Trappan* ;
one of them all, (for ought the Poet knows)
ears (though anothers Hair) anothers Nose.
y *Lord* himself, and all his Guests, I think
n the same Cup, might without danger drink,
et none (if called lawfully) but can
eget a Son, may prove an *Alderman*.

These Sons of Peace, and Sons of *Mars*, if *Charls*
Please to take notice of his *Neighbours* snarls
Came not to shew their Valour in his Hall,
To combate *Custard*, batter *Pasty Wall* :
To try the Issue of an equal *Bet*,
Whether their *Teeth*, or *Knives* were sharper set,
To take the *Red-coat Lobsters* by the back
And with bold hands, their [illegible] *Armour* crack
But their chief errand was, to [illegible] he would
Command their pe[illegible], and accept their *Gold*.
And if their Votes and mine were current, He
Should their *Perpetual Dictator* be.
But if the scarlet *Sphere* must turn about

(Though

[illegible] turning round makes giddy heads I doubt,
[illegible] *Exemplar* Government shall stand,
And teach Successors how they should command.
A Virgin Queen, and *Batchelor Lord Mayor*,
To *England* are as prosperous as rare,
She made the *City* love the *Court*, and He
The *Court* the *City* by his Loyalty.
He a wise Imitator of his King,
Finds Moderation is a healing thing.
Oh, if our *Churches Overseers* would yield,
And let poor Labourers come forth and build,
Such as *untempered Mortar* dare not use,
Nor for Foundations, *straw* and *stubble* chuse;
Though every stone *across* they do not lay,
But some work one, and some another way,
Our *New Jerusalem* should soon behold
Sion in glory, though it wanted *Gold*.
Hard upon Hard, no lasting work will make,
Nor can one *Flint* another kindly break:
But Moderation is a *Cement sure*,
'Tis that which makes the *universe* endure
That makes our *Climate* prove a *temperate Zone*
Betwixt the *Torrid*, and the *Frigid* One.
If we all build up *Pater-noster-Row*,
We may let *Ave* Ma[illegible] go;
Black and *White Fry*[illegible] together stand,
And may again, if Wisdom might command,
If not, I'le say no more, but this will swear,
Sadlam and *Bishopsgate* neer Neighbours are.

FINIS.